Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once what it is thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardone to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man his fault was thought,
And yet his punniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
Had ſomuch grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done adrunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
You ſtraight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngratious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings helpe mee to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of r
How that the guiltie kind
Lookt pale when they did
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill
God will reuenge it. But c
To comfort *Edward* with
Enter Dutches of Yo
Boy. Tell me good Gra
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wri
And crie, Oh *Clarence* my
Girle. Why doe you
And call vs wretched, Or
If that our noble father be
Dut. My pritty Coſens
I do lament the ſickneſſe o
As loth to looſe him now y
It were loſt labour to weep
Boy. Then Granam you
The King my vncle is too
God will reuenge it, whom
With dayly prayers all to
Dut. Peace children pe
Incapable and ſhallow inoc
You cannot geſſe who cau
Boy. Granam, we can
Told me, the King prouoke
Deuis'd impeachments to
And when he told me ſo he
And hugd me in his armes,
And bad me relie on him a
And he would loue me dear
Dut. Oh that deceite ſh
And with a vertuous vizar
He is my ſonne, yea and the
Yet from my dugs he drew
Boy. Thinke you my V
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, h

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